GEORGE BROADHURST SUSPENDS PLAYWRITING

To Talk of British Actors From America, the Unreasonableness of an All Star Cast and the Coming Four Act Play.

The duration of the Rialto luncheon is usually from 12 until 3:30, for actor folk are hardworking people; but George Broadhurst, who gave the waiting world "Too Much Johnson," told them "Why Smith Left Home," separated "A Fool and His Money," helped to right "The Wrong Mr. Wright" and did many other feats of a like nature, consented to cut off his luncheon by a half hour in order to talk on a much discussed subject.

A newspaper woman in London representing the *Sketch* and interviewing Mr. Broadhurst during one of his many transatlantic tours said of him that he had a nimble wit but suffered from excessive youthfulness. Two years have passed since then. The other day a young woman trailing clouds of chiffon and with head uplifted in highbrow style came into his office and said that she wished to see Mr. Broadhurst, her manner saying plainly that she intended to see him.

Mr. Broadhurst slipped off his lofty stool, arranged his sailor collar and loose tie and said with an astigmatic glance:

"I am Mr. Broadhurst."

Glancing at him in a casual manner the young woman responded:

"I want to see THE Mr. Broadhurst, the one who writes plays."

Mr. Broadhurst waited a moment, hoping that a more extended survey might make his explanation easier. No change came, time he is an Anglicized American. This double life is due to the fact of his birth being in one country and his berth in another. He suffers from the inevitable mistakes that occur from this combination and quotes the late Maurice Barrymore, who used to say that when he was in England they criticised his American accent and when in America his English accent, so that the only place where he was really at home was on board a translatlantic steamer doing monologues.

The same interviewer who complained of Mr. Broadhurst's nimble youthfulness and excessive wit asked him, as a newly arrived American, to state some striking difference between his countrymen and the sons of the British Isle.

Mr. Broadhurst commented on the trouble the Englishman had with his eyes.

"You mean h'a?" turning to the time honored joke she had written in her notebook preliminary to the interview.

"I mean eyes," persisted Mr. Broadhurst. "I notice that all Englishmen of the higher classes wear monocles and those of the lower spectacles. I want to know the reason for this distinction."

The interviewer admitted her inability to cope with any such problem of class against mass and Mr. Broadhurst, after telling the story, admitted that the only deference he paid to this convention of the land of his ancestors was to wear a monocle when he took a play to Charles Frohman, the rest of the time contenting himself with spectacles.

He takes this occasion, as well, to lead the conversation gently tobogganing toward that same hill of difficulty, America versus England.

"It seems to be more necessary than ever to have some sort of English cachet before an actor can meet with success here," he said to THE SUN reporter. "Like the man who voted first on one side and then on the other and said that no administration could change quicker than he could; so it is a slow American who cannot change the land of his birth when it is a matter of dollars and cents. When you consider that there is not a so-called English actor in this country who has not secured a good engagement this season, while there are many Americans left high and dry, you cannot wonder that they take advantage of the situation.

"I say so-called on purpose. I could state many instances but I will take the case of George Giddens, who has made such a tremendous hit in Ellis Jeffreys's play 'The Dear Unfair Sex' and has been fairly well advertised as an imported actor.

"The truth is that he is an American and played in Boston in 1872 in light comedy parts. After that he went to England and has come back again. He does not deny all this, but why comment on it if the public prefer him to be an Englishman? There is nothing like pleasing your public!

"Miss Viola Allen in a recent Shakespearian production had an English stage manager who did his work beautifully. It is a mere

YOUNG DRAMATISTS OF AMERICA.

"PLAYS ARE CLEVER IN SPOTS, BUT THEY ARE NOT SPOTTED ENOUGH."

incidental, not especially important but still interesting, that he was born in Newark, N. J. But it would take a brave actor to admit that fact.

"At the first night of 'The Walls of Jericho' last season, I was much interested in the work of Miss May Blaney, who did the part of the ingénue admirably. Miss Blaney is a pretty girl and the effect she produced was not lessened by the fact that she was billed as one of an imported company brought over to present Mr. Sutro's clever play.

"I was talking to a relative of Mr. Hackett beween the first and second acts and was asked how I liked Miss Blaney's work. I said I liked it immensely; that she had improved so much since I saw her years before in the Alcazar Stock Company in San Francisco.

"My vis-à-vis was struck dumb for a moment and then protested that I must be mistaken, as Miss Blaney had been brought from England especially for that part. I suggested that she ask Miss Blaney to settle the dispute and while the young actress admitted the fact she did not seem overjoyed at my good memory. Yet she is proud of being an American, but when patrotism and prestige clash the Stars and Stripes seem to go to the wall.

"When I was in London getting a company together for my production of 'Why Smith Left Home' a young woman, Miss Helen Macbeth, came to see me. She had a British accent of the superlative degree, the kind of accent that would make the mere simple American who has not yet learned the rules of the game say to herself, 'What's the use?' and give up the game without another struggle.

"I had heard of Miss Macbeth as the wife of Frank Mills, one time leading man with Annie Russell; and recalled hearing her spoken of at the time of her marriage as coming from Kalamazoo.

"I talked to her seriously for a little while, and just before matters reached the contract stage, I asked suddenly:

"'You are an American, I believe, Miss Macbeth?'

"She was dumfounded. It was plain to be seen that she had depended on that accent to get her across the water.

"'Oh,' I said airily, 'I am a student of dialects. My ear is so acute that if I can get a person to repeat a certain sentence I can tell not only what country he belongs to but what part of that country.'

"'The sentence?' she asked.

"'What peculiar weather we are having to-day,' I answered haphazard.

"She repeated it and I said very seriously:

"'Miss Macbeth, you are from Michigan.'

"She nodded.

"I got her to repeat it again.

"'From Kalamazoo,' I exclaimed.

"The next day she came back with her husband and the contract was signed, but she had a bad scare, so he told me, in the interval, fearing that her hardly acquired accomplishment was not going to be taken for the real article.

"Well, all this reminds me of a story that used to be told by the late Charlie Hoyt. For several summers he was accustomed to see a very swagger little steam yacht ply by his place on the New Hampshire coast. The more often he saw it the more anxious he became to lease it, but all efforts in that direction failed.

"Finally, when he had about given up all hope, the skipper came to him and offered to rent, it as the last lessee had been obliged to forfeit his agreement. Mr. Hoyt asked the price and when he seemed to hesitate the skipper informed him that he knew if Mr. Hoyt didn't take it he wouldn't get another opportunity to rent it that season, and as the coal was the greatest item he would compromise, that is, if Mr. Hoytt rented it, he, the skipper, would steal the coal.

"The agreement was made forthwith. All went merry as a marriage bell. When the season was over the skipper sailed away in his yacht, after shaking hands with his patron and wishing him all sorts of good luck.

"After he had gone Mr. Hoyt made inquiries and discovered that he had really stolen every bit of coal that was used—but he had stolen it all from Mr. Hoyt's cellar."

Mr. Broadhurst, having adorned the tale, refused to point the moral. Instead he began to talk of musical comedies.

"Nearly all the young dramatists have tried their hand and made successes in tha' line; even Charlie Klein wrote 'El Capitan, which has been practically forgotten in his later and greater work," he went on. "I? Oh, yes, a few between times.

"In the whole range of dramatic authorship there is nothing so difficult to write as the libretto for an all star cast. I sometimes think if the public knew the struggles the librettist goes through they would not say, 'Oh, yes, it is bright in spots, but not quite spotted enough,' or words to that effect.

"These struggles might be described something like this:

"In the all star cast every one has a specialty and the librettist is supposed to know them all and to make provision for them, even though when he wrote the work it was not with any special lot of people in mind. If it should happen to be a costume spectacle with the scene laid in the early part of the seventeenth century and the leading lady has been accustomed to sing a song as a Salvation Army lass on Broadway, that must be put in; it simply must be, that is all. This is one of the few subjects where there is only one side.

"In your salad days as an author, possibly, this point may not have been sufficiently emphasized to you, and you say airily to the blond star:

" 'Madam, your lines are thus:'

" 'But I cannot talk plot,' she says.

" 'But you are the only one who can talk plot, and if you don't do it in this particular place the audience won't know what the comedy is about.'

" 'Cut out the plot,' is the calm response, 'and put in a dance for me.'

"And you do it if you are wise.

"You say to the leading comedian:

" 'Here is where you quarrel with the second comedian.' The crux of your finely constructed plot is in that quarrel.

"You hear immediately:

" 'I can't quarrel there. I have to have my entrance song.'

" 'But, my dear fellow—an entrance song? Absurd!'

" 'I must have it.'

"He gets it.

"On the night of the dress rehearsal you discover that the dresses button up the back. That means little to the unthinking, but to the librettist who has counted on their buttoning on the side or in the front it means everything. It means that the change takes seven minutes instead of four. The stage manager says:

" 'You must give us seven minutes of dialogue.'

" 'But I haven't anything to talk about,' you say.

" 'Never mind, you must do it. The costumes are the swaggerest ones we have ever had on Broadway, but the girls can't get into them in less time than that. Spin it out.'

"Your dialogue of four minutes has been bright and snappy; that of seven is impossible. The audience writhes around, wondering what it is all about. You couldn't tell them, because you don't know. Neither does the stage manager. But the costumes are all right.

"When you see two people on the stage trying their best to be funny for seven or eight minutes at a stretch you will know that the dresses button up the back.

"Glen MacDonough, author of 'Babes in Toyland,' and 'It Happened in Nordland,' said once that when he died his epitaph would be a number of blank lines and the words 'He Wrote While the Girls Were Changing.'

"The consequence of all this is that the thread of a plot with which the comedy started is lost before the evening has well begun, and the united efforts of audience, manager, all star cast and librettist could not possibly find a clue to it.

"They say that stories often get away from an author and end differently from what he intended—it is the same way with lines on the stage. The line that is written to bring a tear often sends an audience into hysterics.

"Many a first night I have seen author and star tearing their respective hair behind the scenes because of this unexpected transformation, and there is a fatality about it, for the line that has once raised a laugh can never resume its own rôle again. I could recite instances, but there are ethics, even in the playwriting profession, which prevent.

"Theatrical managers are quick to notice this change and to profit by it. Another change that they don't recognize, of far greater importance, is that the man who has started life by writing humorous plays may make an equal success when he attempts to write serious ones; but they are very wary of such alterations.

"I must quote Charlie Hoyt again to prove this point.

"He used to tell of a man in a small town who was running a lecture bureau, and one after another his attractions failed to appear until he became rather in disfavor with his townspeople. Finally a world-wide humorist really did put in an appearance on the date agreed upon and the welcome of the manager was a pretty warm one.

"Just before it was time for the curtain to go up, as luck would have it, a telegram was handed the humorist, and on reading it he discovered that his mother-in-law was dead. Strange as it may seem, this man not only loved his wife but his mother-in-law as well, and he was completely broken up.

"He cried on the manager's shoulder, told him the details of his happily married life in which she had played so admirable a part, and said it was absolutely impossible for him to go on the stage that night, he couldn't be funny to save his soul. The manager was in despair, but finally compromised with the appalling situation.

"He begged him to go to the platform just so the audience could see him; then restore the lost credit of the bureau and nothing more would be required of him. This he agreed to do, and when the curtain rose he came forward and said:

" 'Ladies and Gentlemen: I am sorry to say that my mother-in-law is dead and I cannot——'

"He was interrupted by shrieks of laughter. The audience simply yelled

SHE WANTED TO SEE HIS FATHER.

with delight. Funniest man, it was agreed, that they had ever heard. Excruciating humor! If he began with a joke as good as that, where would he end before the evening was over?

"Finally his voice managed to make itself heard again:

" 'I have just received this telegram telling me the sad details,' he went on. 'It will be impossible——'

"Laughter and applause again.

"The humorist finally had to leave without more explanation and to this day some of that audience speak of him as the funniest man they ever heard."

Asked for the personal application, Mr. Broadhurst smiled.

"The writer of farces and comedies must in the very nature of things come to the end of his répertoire," he said. "Many never recognize that fact and go on from failure to failure. Others do.

"Some one has said that writing a novel is like making the model of a ship, but writing a play is making the model of a ship and putting it in a bottle.

"It is studying to put this model into a bottle that is the work of every branch of dramatic art, what matter whether the ship happen to be a saucy tug or a fully rigged man-of-war, if the ability to get it in is manifest.

"My coming serious drama? Well, for one thing it will have a fourth act, that, I believe, is the change in play construction. The audience is tired of the perennial three acts and explanation, as the explanation is usually an insult to their intelligence.

"The greatest success this season so far has been made by 'The Hyprocites' and in that Mr. Jones reserves its ammunition to the end, which I believe should be done."

Then, with a return to the normal: "It will be hard on the critics. As it is now, they can leave a little before 11 and have the evening before them."

SHE REFUSED TO TALK "PLOT."

the second glance including him with the gas fixtures, the cab checks from the Lambs' Club and other etceteras of a busy life.

Courage failed him and he murmured at length:

"It is my father you wish to see, perhaps?"

"Certainly, your father; that is what I said. Didn't you hear me?"

The profession of playwriting is one in which big results may be achieved in a small space of time. Hoping that the same rule might apply to wrinkles and gray hair, he "allowed" that his distinguished parent would be there on the following Thursday, and the young woman went away, after asking if he had ever thought of following in his father's footsteps.

Mr. Broadhurst is carefully watched by the Gerry society to see that he does not overwork himself; he shares this distinction with George Ade, George V. Hobart and Henry Blossom, who pay half fare and have intervals of only a few months between their ages. On those cheery occasions called stag—short for stagnant—dinners, each one modestly introduces the others as "the youngest member of the profession, except myself."

Part of the year Mr. Broadhurst is an Americanized Englishman; the rest of the

TALL, SLENDER AND SIMPLE

WILL BE THE TYPICAL GIRL OF THE COMING SEASON.

But Her Stature May Be Due to Cuban Heels, Her Slimness to Massage—Her Simplicity Will Be Artistic—The Way to the 1907 Ideal of Feminine Beauty.

"Plans for the 1907 girl have been announced," said an artist's model, "and already the models are trying to conform to them.

"This being an artist's model isn't all it is cracked up to be. One year you are perfect; next year you are out of style; the third year you are hopelessly behind. You must keep up with the changes or you are no longer a model.

"Every one remembers when the blue eyed model was the style. She was of the sweet country girl type and everybody loved her.

"Then came a reaction and the languid, long eyed Spanish girl was the rage. All the models had to have oval faces and long eyes or there was no call for them. The little, dimpled ones were out of a job.

"Then came the rather masculine, Gibson girl period. Gibson's girls were not masculine by any means, but his imitators were, and the models had to wear mannish waists and comb their hair in the same style. It was awfully trying to make the change from one kind of girl to the other.

"And now comes the ideal of 1907. She will be different from the girl of any other year. She will be beautiful and she will sweep everything before her.

"Her first requisite will be manner. The minute you look at her you will see that she has repose.

"She can stand perfectly still without moving her feet about. Her hands can lie in her lap, and her feet can rest upon the ground. She will be a restful girl.

"The girl of 1907 is going to be very simple Or she is going to look as though she were very simple.

"She must be absolutely perfect in the art of sweet simplicity. It is not a country girl simplicity, but an artistic simplicity.

"A typical girl of 1907 stood inside of a drawing room the other day. Her hair was parted and allowed to ripple over her temples. Around her head were bound two great flat Dutch braids so heavy that they made a great halo around her brown brow.

"A great beautiful bow of ribbon crowned her head. The effect was too simple and too sweet for anything.

"The girl of 1907 will be very tall. She may have to resort to Cuban heels and to stretching exercises, and she may want to pile braids on top of her head and to wave her hair high. She will be tall, and she will be slender.

"Living skeletons were the fashion last summer in London. They looked healthy and they acted as if happy, and while they were lean, yet they were not angular. To attain this means art was combined with science.

"The best professional models are now taking a double set of lessons in massage. There are two kinds of massage. One kind develops and the other kind reduces. Women who are wide awake are practising both kinds.

"It costs a professional model something to live and keep her figure these days. She must have two sets of massage operators. She must have one masseuse who understands the art of pounding away the flesh and another one who understands the art of putting it on.

"The masseuse who takes off the flesh is a big muscular woman. She exercises the muscles until the flesh is worn away.

"To take off flesh by rubbing is an art. The strokes must be swift and vigorous. It takes an expert to know how to stroke quickly and heavily so as to make the muscles do their work.

"Then for the development, and this is important. The woman who is thin in her arms must have them massaged. The strokes must be soft and regular and there must be a great deal of massage cream rubbed in.

"There is plenty of work for a good masseuse. The arms are too thin and the neck is too scrawny in most women.

"The girl of 1907 will have a new figure. The artists are working upon it now and one of the best pictures shown in London in the spring depicted this figure.

"London artists, as a rule, paint the ideal head, and the Paris artists paint the figure; but this season all united in getting up some pretty good specimens of the new girl.

"This new girl with the new figure has some sharply accentuated characteristics. Her shoulders are exceedingly broad.

"They are fully up to the requirements of a 40 inch bust measure. In fact, the girl of 1907 will wear a 38 inch waist or a 40, as she may prefer. Her shoulders will be broad enough for the latter.

"But she will have little hips. Her waist will be very slender and her hips will be narrower than her shoulders. This gives her a very handsome figure. It is the figure of a man, but it is very attractive in a girl.

"There are Greek statues that show this figure, and there is a New York sculptor who insists that his models shall have this characteristic. Their shoulders must be broader than their hips.

"Stand in front of the pier glass, if you are a woman of discernment, and note if you have this peculiarity. Are your shoulders wider than your hips? If not you must make yourself over, if you are going to be a girl of 1907.

"The artist model of 1907—for she sets the style for the girl of 1907—will be a brownish blonde. Her hair will be a medium brown, a dark straw color.

"It will not be pale blond nor will it be black. It will be a lovely medium brown with a great many blond lights in it. Hair of this kind is very pretty.

"Artists have stopped painting the canary haired girl, and they have stopped painting the black haired girl.

"They have taken up the browns and most of the girls on exhibition have a medium brown hair with just the least bit of reddish gold in it. It is easy hair to get.

"The girl of 1907 will not bleach, not by any means; but if the color of her hair doesn't suit her she will shampoo it. Then she will sun it and shake it, and then she will wash it again.

"She will keep at it until she gets it the right color. Color is sometimes only a matter of a pinch of henna leaves or a very tiny bit of soda. You can make your hair bloom easily.

"There is a girl model who is now working upon her face. She has an almost hopeless task, for her face is pudgy and her hair is a deep mud brown.

"She was a beauty until her hair grew dark and she got fat. But she expects to get her looks all back—and she will.

"Her skin is by no means the clear skin of 1907, so she is busy bleaching it. To bleach your skin harmlessly, get some peroxide of hydrogen. Dabble it on your face and neck and leave it on five minutes.

"Wash it off, and after a few minutes put some cold cream on it. This will bleach your skin wonderfully.

"Then the true model, alive to her profession, is very careful of her eyes. She paints the brows every night with melted vaseline, and keeps her sight strong.

"She massages her forehead where the wrinkles come, and she rubs out the laughing wrinkles every night. It takes her two hours to get ready to go to bed.

"There are models who have not nice arms. The forearm may be bad. Often it is covered with down. And, where this occurs, the model is wise in her day and generation.

"Once a week she washes her arms with soap jelly and a special scrubbing brush. Then she goes over her arms with peroxide. This bleaches the hair upon them and makes the down inconspicuous.

"Frequently she adds a little ammonia to the water. Ammonia kills the constitution of the hair, and in time the arms will be smooth. This is one of the tricks of the artist's model.

"The girl of 1907 will have several other points which the models are studying and viewing with more or less dismay, and one of these is her style.

"Style is something few women can learn. They either have it or they have it not. How to be stylish is something few women can find out.

"Style consists largely in walking well. The woman who carries her arms badly will never have style. The woman who lets her chin sink into her throat will never have style.

"Style lies, also, in doing the hair becomingly and in making it frame the face, and the woman who does not do this will always be lacking in style. But these are only a few points that come under the heading of style.

"The woman of 1907 will be very well dressed, but she will not dress in black. Her complexion is too glowing.

"She will choose white or the colors that come pretty close to white—pale violet, light blue, delicate green and the softest of rose. She will bring out her own high lights if possible.

"The woman of 1907 will have small feet. Perhaps she will manage this by low vamps and high heels, but her feet will certainly look small.

"And she will have plump, little white hands which she will keep white by daily bleachings. She will have other good points, but these are enough for a beginning.

"They will keep the woman who is going to imitate her busy for a long time. But there are no points in the woman of 1907 that cannot be attained by the ordinary woman."

MEMORIAL TO MRS. BROWNING.

Industrial School Built by Her Son at Asolo in Italy.

A practical memorial to a great woman is to be found at the little Italian town of Asolo. It is a school for the making of lace and was built by Barrett Browning in memory of his mother, Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

As seen from the tiny town square, writes a correspondent of the *Craftsman*, the most striking feature is its splendid windows. These are grouped along the whole front of the house on the upper main floor and have boxes of flowers ranged along the base of them, accenting their pleasantness. Entering, one finds spacious rooms, numbers of small chairs, and for the rest simplicity.

Outdoors again we discover just below the window line and slightly above the doorway itself the unpretentious mural tablet to Elizabeth Barrett Browning. At the corner to the right stands a little fountain, and here at almost any time of day some picturesque peasant may be seen filling her pail or halting for a chat.

To our New World clumsiness the deftness of the tiny fingers of the little lace makers was of the nature of magic. When told that many of the patterns had religious names, here an Ave and there a Paternoster, we were almost persuaded to believe in miracles, so marvellously intricate and delicate were the designs.

ANNALS OF BOHEMIA —THE QUEEN

A Marriage That Was a Failure and Bohemians Who Went Hungry in Consequence.

Nobody ever knew exactly whence she came, this queen of bohemia—from what point of the compass, north, south, east, west; but it was patent to the most casual observer that her diamonds were real.

Diamonds!

It is once in a blue moon, not oftener, that such diamonds blaze upon the horizon of bohemia. Earrings the size of pigeon eggs, a glittering stone at her throat to match, rings on her taper lily fingers, had this bondholding queen of bohemia.

Diamonds in bohemia without pawnticket coupons!

It was hardly believable.

Another thing: It was observed by those most interested that the pompous proprietors of pink ink tables d'hôte took the yellow bills handed out by her fair hands at the finish of dinners without batting their eyes—a most uncommon occurrence in bohemia—took them and gave her back the change; very little, true, but sufficient at times to satisfy the inevitable outstretched paw of the waiter.

It was enough. By unanimous consent she was crowned queen of bohemia.

It is the rule among countries governed by crowned heads, by emperors, kings and queens of the royal blood, that the subjects shall pay taxes to support their royalty, but it is not so in bohemia. On the contrary, no bohemian queen who is unable to cater to the needs of the inner man or woman is permitted to sway the sceptre.

Subjects swarmed around the throne of this bohemian queen, who held court in a vast studio drawing room which she had caused to be fitted up within near distance of her subjects. Here at 5 o'clock they gathered about a shining brass samovar and partook of tea in which were other things more livening and tasteful.

It was here in the dim light of tall cathedral candles set in taller candlesticks, brought from the East or bought in the Bowery, that before the event of mailing the latest and most cherished production of the minor poet was read in dulcet tones chuck full of meaning, to the accompaniment of slow music played by light fingers on the piano set face to wall in a far corner. About sat rapt listeners, dreamy eyed, chin in hands, in such fetching poses as might serve to catch the eye of onlooking artists and perhaps appear in the pages of some magazine, or at all events be hung in line at some Fifth avenue exhibition.

Here passed with admirable frequency, it must be said, the chocolate maid, bearing a silver tray upon which rested punch glasses of rare Venetian cut and fashion, containing punch of much rarer make, that is to say, much rarer to bohemians—the principal ingredient thereof being none other than champagne.

Dinner follows tea. There is a time honored custom among bohemia's femininity and it is this: A tea is given. Tea verges hard upon the dinner hour. A thoughtful admirer of the hostess goes soft-footedly about among the guests—the hostess out of hearing meantime behind the screen—and tackles those who seem to him to have spare cash.

"Shall we get up a little dinner party with our hostess as guest?" he asks whisperingly, and under the circumstances, except to fly out the window, which necessitates wings, or up through the skylight, is there any way out of it?

Then the thoughtful admirer collects the cash for the dinners, gets his for nothing and so things even themselves up by natural sequence.

But no such thought occurred in the masculine or feminine bohemian mind in regard to their queen. And why should it, she having money and bonds and whatnot? Any dinner giving was done by her.

Really, in view of the number of dinners given by this queen in that part of New York set apart to bohemia, there should have been awarded her a modicum of graft by pink ink table d'hôte proprietors, but there was not. A paper fan placed at her plate maybe, or flowers in the centre of the table by way of honoring her—that was all. And if inadvertently a charge for fan and flowers was included later in the bill, what of it? Who paused to notice it?

Those were glad times, redolent of camp fires and cocktails, theatre parties, champagne punches and late suppers in the studio of bohemia's queen. Now and again; too, a dance was pulled off there. Her cabinet—oh, yes, a cabinet had formed itself to protect her from the oncoming herd bent on consuming her fortune—had charge of all the invitations, so that the queen, standing grandly in all her regal beauty and her more regal diamonds, received not her friends but theirs, who were sometimes strangers to her.

There is an end to good times, alas! even in bohemia, and there came an end to these. It was natural, was it not, that such a queen should attract the attention of poet or artist or something or other?

That is exactly what happened. A bohemian hustler fancied her and let her know it. It was not long before at tea and dinner party he sat on her right, manifestly prince consort to be to the queen of bohemia.

The minor poets, delicately sensitive to changes in the atmosphere, stood aloof and held consultations.

"We see our finish," whispered they. "No more teas, and what is worse yet, no more dinner parties," and they absented themselves from these gatherings, trying to see how it would be, for such length of time as they could stand the pangs of hunger. Then they came back again.

Her cabinet, composed largely of women, hung on longer, but at length they too grew timid. There seemed such an air of shooingness about the bohemian hustler.

At length amid the ominous gray of these sad shadows the storm burst. There was a wedding in bohemia. And such a wedding!

Every who's whoser in Bohemia was invited. Most of them were there. When they had feasted well, the minor poets feasting longer than the others, the delicacy of their insight into things speaking to them wofully of their finish, and they had taken their departure in pairs and one by one, the queen of bohemia stood in the centre of her studio overcome by a melancholy foreboding.

She loved her subjects, did the queen of bohemia, and that was why she looked about her sadly, standing in the light of her diamonds, thinking of the glad old times and wondering just a little whether—well, marriage is different and——

And then the bohemian hustler crossed the room and took her by the hand.

"Now that you are my wife, my dear," he said to her firmly, "you must shake these people. They are not the sort of people for you to associate with. They are——"

"But," she interrupted, a tear in each beautiful eye, for the queen was as good as she was beautiful and she dearly loved her subjects,' "I thought they were your friends."

The hustler's shoulders shook in an artistic shrug.

"No matter," said he, "you must shake them, I tell you. You have saved enough out of the wreck, I hope, to go with the swells?"